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# Prologue

Bluefur trudged through the snow, her kits shivering under her belly as they walked. She was taking them to meet Oakheart. This was the only way to save her clan... right? Or was she just setting up her kits for a worse life when there was another way. "When are we gonna go back home? I'm cold... and tired... and hungry..." Mosskit mewed pitifully, pausing below her mother. Bluefur trudged past a bit before noticing, and she paused and turned around, freezing as she noticed her daughter's nose. It was pale white. White-eye's voice echoed through her head. *"If you see their noses turning pale, then it's time to take them in."* Was her daughter going to die? It was a short while to get to Sunningrocks... but they were all about to go to sleep...

"Yes! Yes, we're gonna go back home now. Come with me, and never tell anyone about this, kits. It's a secret." She meowed, allowing Mosskit to scrabble on her back while she carried Stonekit and Mistykit in her mouth in turns. They got home after a while, while the sun was just rising in the sky. She brought her kits to the entrance to find Adderfang still at the entrance. She had already thought up and excuse. "Adderfang! My kits wandered out of camp and got stuck. They were half buried in snow by the time I found them! I need to see Featherwhisker immidiately!" Her voice was full of fear. It wasn't fake; sh was actually terrified for her kits.

"Of course, Let me carry Stonekit." He offered, instantly lifting the near-limp tom in his jaws and rushing the the medicine cat den. Bluefur followed him, as swift as she could go with the passed out kit on her back. She didn't smell of death, thank StarClan. Featherwhisker met her at the entrance, lifting Mosskit from her back and placing her in a shivering pile with Stonekit. Bluefur also dropped Mistykit on the pile. She curled up into the nest, shivering as well and licking their fur backwards to warm them. Featherwhisker grabbed some moss in his jaws and placed it on the kits to soak up the water from their snow-wet fur. Slowly they began to warm up and their noses were growing more pink

agonizingly slow. Bluefur laid her head down, exhausted, and slowly drifted off into sleep.

# Chapter 1

Bluefur lifted her head, purring with delight and relief as she saw her kits' flanks rising and falling silently. She slowly crept from the nest, around Tawnyspots' nest, and padded out into the clearing. Apprarently, the news of her kits sneaking out had spread like fire through the clearing, as she was instantly met by Thrushpelt. "Are you okay, Bluefur? How are the kits?" His gaze shone with love and worry. Bluefur felt a jolt of guilt. Thrushpelt had offered to take up the role of father for these kits, not even knowing their past, and she didn't love him back. She didn't want to pretend to love him, of course, since that would hurt him more. She just wished that she could feel a bit like he felt about her, being how good of a cat he was.

"I'm fine, and the kits are doing well. Thanks for asking." She smiled awkwardly before stepping away as nonchalantly as possible when she caught sight of her friend, Rosetail. She galloped over to Rosetail, stopping right in front of her. The gray she-cat instantly pressed her muzzle to Bluefur's. "Thank StarClan! I was worried about you when I hear about your night stroll! Are you okay?" She asked, stepping away slightly. Bluefur purred at Rosetail's worry. She cared so much about Bluefur, and that was what made her an amazing clanmate. Part of what made her one, as least.

"I'm okay, you big worry-mouse." She teased with an amused twitch of her whiskers. Rosetail cuffed her playfully on the ear as a retort, and Bluefur burst into laughter, falling on the snow-covered ground from how hard she was laughing. "Are the kits okay, too?" Rosetail added, flicking her ear as a gnat swirled around her ear. Bluefur nodded. "I should probably go check on them now." She decided as she got up, shaking snow from her pelt.

She galloped over to the medicine cat den, only to find Goosefeather shaking her kits awake. Confused, Bluefur paused at

the entrance to watch the tom's shenanigans. She crouched beside the entrance as the kits yawned awake. Goosefeather looked at the sleeping area of the den, checking for Featherwhisker. He place his tail over the kits' mouths to shush them, muffling their confused mewls before quickly rushing over the the herb store. He came out a bit later, rolling out some herb. He padded over to the kits and Bluefur caught a horrifying glimpse of three dark red berries. *Death*berries. He plucked one in his claws and reached for the open mouth of Mosskit.

# Chapter 2

Bluefur let out a screech of fury, her fur spiked on her back as she rammed into the old medicine cat before he could reach her kit. His eyes were wild and his unkempt fur stuck out at all angles. Startled by the noise, Featherwhisker rushed in to find Bluefur holding down the berry-touched paws of Goosefeather. His eyes quickly caught sight of the deathberries, and he rushed over to the two."What in StarClan are you doing, Bluefur!?" He hissed, about to push her offer his mentor.

"Ask this traitorous, kit-endangering fox-heart that tried to feed my kits deathberries!" She screeched, placing her back paws on his arms and her front paws on his throat. He hissed and spat in fury, slashing at her belly with his back paws, she winced in pain, but kept her paws still. There was no way she would let this traitor go. He was going to kill her kits, and for what? For Bluefur to get a stupid deputy position? For Thistleclaw to not become deputy? Didn't he trust Sunstar at *all*?

Featherwhisker froze as he heard Bluefur's words, glancing at Goosefeather's slightly red claws. It wasn't blood, it was deathberry juice. He glanced at the kits, rushing over to comfort their terrified faces. Tawnyspots was awake now, confused. Thrushpelt and Rosetail, along with Stormtail, White-eye, and Spottedpaw, rushed into the den, eyes wide. Thrushpelt and Rosetail leapt for Goosefeather's weakly flailing back paws, while Stormtail rushed to his daughter's side. He had heard it all, and was spitting curses at Goosefeather. White-eye ushered Spottedpaw to go grab Sunstar, who arrived soon after Goosefeather had passed out from running out of air.

Featherwhisker grabbed some moss, soaked it in water, and drenched his mentor's claws, washing away the poison. Bleeding heavily from her stomach, Bluefur staggered off of the limp medicine cat and slowly crouched to the floor with Thrushpelt and

Rosetail at her side. Rosetail was comforting Bluefur while Thrushpelt cleaned a few of Bluefur's scratches until Featherwhisker pressed some comfrey ointment onto the wound, sealing up the bleeding wounds with moss and cobwebs. White-eye crouched by the kits, covering them with comforting licks as they anxiously mewed, asking if Bluefur would be okay. Bluefur carefully got to her paws and padded over to the nest, plopping down in it and licking the excited kits. She was starving, but prey was bad, so she would just have to wait.

She gratefully tore off a chunk of a mouse, eating it quickly. She cut off half of the mouse that was left, slid it to Tawnyspots, who just stared at it for a few seconds before curling back up. She had forgotten about his sickness for a bit. "Featherwhisker!" She called for the medicine cat. He stepped out of his sleeping area and padded over. "Yes, Bluefur?" He asked, tilting his head slightly. "Bring one half to White-eye and the other to the elders, please." She asked. Featherwhisker nodded and picked up the two measly pieces, padding out of the den, though he almost tripped on the three kits as they played with each other. Stonekit leapt up, catching a ball of moss with his claw as Mosskit tossed it. He picked it off and held it in his mouth, sprinting away from Mistykit as she attempted to tackle him. Mosskit joined in the chase and attempted to cut off Stonekit, but he swerved just in time.

Though he avoided Mosskit, Mistykit was waiting for him, and tackled him before he could realize. He let out a squeak of surprise as his sister tumbled him to the ground and snatched the moss. Mosskit slammed into Mistykit before she could run off, though, snatched up the moss, and pelted away, with her siblings right on her tail. Mosskit aimed right for Bluefur, and dived under her mother's safe fur. Mistykit and Stonekit followed her, but couldn't quite fit. Bluefur could see their flanks, back legs, and tails sticking out. Bluefur purred in amusement. She couldn't give up her kits; she loved them too much, but if Thistleclaw did become deputy, she would make sure that he would never become leader. One way or another.

# Chapter 3

WARNING: MUCH READING AHEAD, THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER. AFTER THIS I'LL POST A FEW FACTS!

Bluefur stood beside Sunstar, Rosetail, and most of the warriors. They each were either laying near or had their noses buried into Tawnyspots' damp fur. He had been an elder for a while, constantly in pain, barely able to eat or drink, until he had finally died. His death had been slow and painful, a death which he had not deserved. He deserved a quick, painless one. Sadly, StarClan hadn't given him that. The new deputy, to Bluefur's relief, was Rosetail, not Thistleclaw. She knew she could trust her leader, and she could't bare to think about what could have happened the night that she was planning to giver her kits away. They could have frozen to death! How could she have been so reckless? Well... that didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was keeping her kits and clan safe. That was what warriors did.

Bluefur awoke from her sleep, waking up beside a grieving Rosetail and a sorrowful Sunstar. She got to her paws. It was early in the day, and the dawn patrol had left. Bluefur silently padded away from Tawnyspots, who would soon be taken away by the elders, and entered the nursery. Sure, she hadn't been happy to not be deputy, but Rosetail deserved it just as much as her. They were both loyal and strong. Mosskit, Mistykit, and Stonekit bounced up to Bluefur. Leafbare was over, and Newleaf was going to come to a close to let Greenleaf through. Cats were starting to grow more fat, the kits were thriving. Runningpaw had been apprenticed to Rosetail, with Mousepaw apprenticed to Redtail. Soon enough, the three kits would need mentors of their own.

Bluefur let out a gasp of fake surprise as the kits leapt on her. She pretended to tumble on her back, letting the kits swarm her unprotected belly. She made herself small as she pretended to

surrender. "I surrender! Do not hurt me, oh mighty warriors of ThunderClan!" She cried out. Mosskit, Stonekit, and Mistykit leapt off of her, allowing her to get to her paws. Bluefur pressed her nose to each kit's head, letting out a purr of amusement. The kits each let out happy mews. "I'm hungry! Where were you last night?" Mistykit questioned, tilting her head. "I was sitting vigil for Tawnyspots..." she began, carefully trying to explain it to her kits. As she had healed from her wounds in the medicine den, the kits had grown quite close to the tom.

"He's in StarClan, my kits. He'll always watch over the clan, but we won't be able to see or talk to him as long as we're not in StarClan." She explained, glancing at her kits. Mosskit gaped, ears flattened. Stonekit pressed his face into Mistykit's fur, and Mistykit let out a sad wail. Bluefur quickly rushed to curl around her kits, pulling the, close. They were almost six moons, so they were quite big, but they were small enough for her. She licked them each once on the head, the curled around them to sleep.

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It was a five days after Tawnyspots' vigil, and everyone had begun to lighten up. Even her kits were playing with each other now, feeling excited for their quickly approaching apprenticeship. She would miss the feeling of them curled up with her, but she could deal with it.

Sunstar let out a yowl from Highrock. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather here beneath the Highrock for a Clan meeting!" He called, almost instantly summoning cats. They all sat around Highrock. Everyone knew what this was about. Bluefur quickly caught sight of her kits padding up to the full clearing. She raced up to them and matched their pace. Mistykit looked up and her mother, eyes round with worry.

"Is my pelt okay?" She whispered anxiously. Bluefur laid her tail across her daughter's back comfortingly, a purr rumbling deep in her throat. "You look amazing, you'll be fine." She insisted, falling back as they reached the rock. "Mistykit, step forward." Sunstar called, flicking his tail for the she-cat to step forward. Mistykit obeyed. "Dappletail, you are overdue for an apprentice. Mistykit has

reached the age of six moons, and I would like for you to teach her the skills of a warrior. Do you accept?" His gazed laid upon Dappletail, who fluffed out her chest a bit and nodded. "I do." She called, stepping forward. "Mistykit, you have reached the age of six moons. Until you your warrior name, you will be known as Mistypaw, and your mentor will be Dappletail." He finished, giving Mistypaw and Dappletail time to touch noses and step back.

"Stonekit, step forward." Sunstar called, flicking his tail for the she-cat to step forward. Mistykit obeyed. "Stormtail, you have mentored an apprentice before, and I would like for you to teach the skills of a warrior one more. Do you accept?" His gazed laid upon Stormtail, who nodded. "I do." He answered, stepping forward. "Stonekit, you have reached the age of six moons. Until you your warrior name, you will be known as Stonepaw, and your mentor will be Stormtail." He finished, giving Stonepaw and Stormtail time to touch noses and step back as well.

"Mosskit, step forward." Sunstar called, flicking his tail for the she-cat to step forward. Mistykit obeyed. "Tigerheart, you are a loyal warrior, and you deserve an apprentice. Mosskit has also reached the age of six moons, and I would like for you to teach her the skills of a warrior. Do you accept?" He turned to look at Tigerheart, who had a proud look on his face as he stepped up. "Of course I do," he answered, stepping forward as the others had done. "Mosskit, you have reached the age of six moons with your siblings. Until you your warrior name, you will be known as Mosspaw, and your mentor will be Tigerheart." He ended.

As the two touched noses, the clearing exploded into yowls of approval, calling out the names of the new apprentices. "Mistypaw! Stonepaw! Mosspaw! Mistykit! Stonepaw! Mosspaw!" They cheered. Bluefur cheered too, but her mind was occupied with the realization that Tigerheart would be mentoring her kits. She didn't like it, but Sunstar obviously thought it was the best choice, so she would have to trust him once more. Their cheers were cut off after a bit by Sunstar. "I have one more announcement to make." He said. Bluefur exchanged a confused glance with Dappletail, who was sitting beside Mistypaw.

"Rosetail has brought to my attention that she thinks there is

someone more deserving than her of the deputy position, and, now that the someone is open,  she has requested to be demoted of her position in favor of Bluefur." He finished, staring down at Bluefur, who was taken aback. Rosetail was giving up the so highly wanted position of deputy for her? Sunstar began speaking once more.

"Bluefur, do you accept the honor of deputy?" He questioned. Bluefur nodded, and he nodded back. "I say these words before , so that the spirits of our warrior ancestors may hear and approve of my choice. The new deputy of ThunderClan is Bluefur!" He finally ended his speech, and the camp once again erupted into a chorus of cheers. Though this time they were cheering a Bluefur's name as she swapped places with Rosetail.

# Trivia!

-Mistypaw and Stonepaw went on to get the same warrior names, and Mosspaw went on to be Mossheart, in honor of her undying loyalty and courage.

-Tigerheart wasn't the best mentor, but Bluefur kept Mossheart from becoming like Tigerheart or Thistleclaw.

-Bluefur cut off all contact with Oakheart after the night she almost gave away her kits.

-Almost everything that happened in the actual books happened in this fanfiction, other that Mosskit's death and Stonefur and Mistyfoot being raised in ThunderClan.

-Mistyfoot also never became leader, but I don't know who did. Just headcannon that yourselves.

-Mossheart died during the destruction of the forest after eating a poisoned rabbit.

-Mistyfoot and Stonefur ended up dying in the battle with BloodClan.

-Mistyfoot and Stonefur still ended up saving Bluestar and Fireheart since their RiverClan blood gave them wide paws that were good for swimming since that probably would have happened in the real books in this case since Fireheart can't die. Bluestar still died, though.

-When Tigerheart threatened the lives of Featherpaw and Stormpaw, they were saved by Graystripe, Ravenpaw, and Firestar, who had Ravenpaw pretend to be a rogue and roll in mud. Ravenpaw ran straight through the camp, distracting the others long enough to sneak the apprentices away.

-Bluefur always cherished Rosetail for helping her achieve her goal and for always being her closest friend.